

AMONG US MORTALS THE INTELLECTUALS

By W. E. HILL

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Mary, the debutante, is having a terrible time. Her newest suitor is a Nietzsche fan and Mary is reading up on Mr. Nietzsche. Mary has about decided that the quarry is not worth the chase.



Mrs. Mock is always just a little behind the times in her literary struggles. Mrs. Mock never can seem to catch up within a year of what everybody is reading. Mr. Purse and Miss Muncie are trying to find what Mrs. Mock thinks is the "Transfiguration of Mr. Somebody Adams." Both Mr. Purse and Miss Muncie are positive that Mrs. Mock means either a life of John Quincy Adams or a book by Franklin P. Adams. Mrs. Mock, to quote her very words, is completely nonplused!



Ladies of the recently intellectual set love to meet authors and writers. It's a much simpler method of getting the intellectual slant than having to wade through a lot of stupid reading matter. Observe Harrington Meow, with his back to the wall, being vamped at a celebrity tea by two charming ladies, who want to know just how, when and where he happened to write his wonderful volume on "Feminine Sex Impulses."



The college intellectual. Cuthbert is in his junior year and there's nothing he can't tell you. Can talk for hours on the failure of religion and civilization. Likes Schopenhauer and the automaton theory.



The toy philosopher. Arthur is great on philosophy—Plato, Kant, Spinoza, and Bergson—though he never gets very far. After a few pages it always seems to be time for Arthur to go somewhere, or else he falls asleep. However, as Arthur will tell you, "It's a mighty big subject."



Humphrey P. Scharp is the latest addition to the recently intellectual class. One of those big, virile, red-blooded men with absolutely no use for a lot of sissy poets and arty people—no, siree! But Humphrey P. has fallen for the intellectual gang and now supports three little theater movements and boasts proudly of a bowing acquaintance with a writer of free verse and a book reviewer.



"What do you think of Tagore—pretty good? No?" The man who always plays safe on opinions. When enough people agree that such and such or so and so is good stuff or bad, he will do likewise. Without the preface to go by he would be all at sea on the average book.



Three ladies, who have decided that money isn't everything, attending a snappy lecture on the Einstein theory.



The very modern lady with the homemade Dutch cut, who is always a little in advance of the literary game. About five laps ahead of Mr. Einstein and the fourth dimension just at present.

